



Vox Wesleyana

CONVOCATION
NUMBER

Vol. XXIV.

MAY, 1921

No. 3

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Vox Wesleyana

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WINNIPEG, MAY, 1921

No. 3

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Convocation
Number



VOX STAFF, 1920-1921.

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Front Row—E. Piggott; A. Willis Cann, Editor-in-Chief; R. F. Argue, B.A., Chairman; E. J. Thorlakson; A. C. Cooke, B.A.

Absent—M. Cooper; C. Allingham; E. Dixon, A. L. Mills.

VALE!

By DR. JOHN MACLEAN

The last day has come, and will never return! The beautiful trail shining with the glory of the strenuous years at College has come to an end, and there is a deep and eternal pathos in the final stroll along the corridors, the last lingering look into the old classrooms, the Convocation Hall, and out on the campus. One solemn farewell to old Wesley, then away to the battlefields of the world, and on to eternity with a bounding heart and bold resolve to be worthy of the noble traditions of Alma Mater.

Memories of Wesley! College associations remain as pictures on the imagination, the faces of fellow-students, the fun and frolic, the laughter of other days, the companions, the loyal friendships go down the years; and with Convocation, the link is broken, and as falling leaves the graduates are scattered over the face of the earth.

The new education has begun; Wesley expects every graduate to be loyal to the College. The vision splendid, the lofty ideals, the great ideas, the sterling principles, the contact with pure, strong spirits, the fellowship of men, women, and books, the traditions of the College, form an undying inspiration for all the future. Hold aloft the torch of Wesley College that all the world may see and follow! Cherish the traditions, maintain the spirit, keep close to the high ideals, read the great books, hold fellowship with the masters of life and literature, become an authority on some subject outside of your profession, be true to yourself, play the game, climb toward the heights, follow the gleam, love your country, be a true citizen, nourish your spiritual powers, be a great Christian, write your names on the souls of men, and be a student always.

Work! Work hard!! Work harder!!!

Down the long trail as you go, we shall be watching you, and ever proud of your success.

"Farewell! and stand fast." Dear old Wesley: Farewell!

JOAN OF ARC'S "VOICES."

The great war, and the recent canonization of Joan of Arc, have brought her brief victorious life and her triumphant death, very much before our minds. No one can visit France without realizing how exalted a place the Maid of Orleans holds in the dreams and hopes of the common people. During the war it seemed as if she typified France fighting against foreign oppression, and as if she had once more ranged herself on the side of her beloved country. The fact that one so often saw

black-draped feminine figures and light-blue uniformed soldiers, making their prayers to her in the dim light of some historic cathedral, or in some little white-washed country church, added intensity to the fancy.

Reading the story of Joan's life, and the record of her trial before her infamous judges, one cannot help wondering how much there really was of the supernatural in her remarkable experiences. Of course the priests and laity of her day were much more ready to believe in the supernatural and miraculous than we are. Where knowledge failed, the miraculous began. Today we pride ourselves on our superior knowledge, yet people are still to be found who believe in the bleeding statues of Tipperary, and the healing properties of a little well of water blessed by the Holy Mother.

It is true we do know more of psychical phenomena than did the savants of the University of Paris of the fifteenth century. They ascribed Joan's psychic experiences to Satan, Belial, and Behemoth. That, for them, was sufficient explanation. However, it does not satisfy us, for we desire a more rational explanation, if one can be found.

These experiences, deeds, and mysterious Voices of Joan's, were very thoroughly and critically investigated. Joan had to submit to an extremely cruel and protracted examination by hard, prejudiced, pseudo-religious men. They were men whose very religious beliefs made them harsher, more coldly intellectual, more inflexible, than they would have been otherwise. These men harassed, badgered and insulted the nineteen-year-old girl through months of severest cross-examination, where every word she uttered was written down, and later twisted out of the original meaning. Yet not once did she contradict herself or her sublime faith in the divine origin of her Voices.

When these parodies of judges, French and English, had accomplished their diabolic designs and had led her to the stake in the market-place of Rouen, she still retained her superb faith, and her last words were: "My voices were from God and they did not deceive me."

Joan told her judges that when she was thirteen years old she had a Voice from God to help her in her conduct. After that, the Voices came to her two or three times a week, telling her to be good, and urging her to liberate her country and lead the Dauphin to Rheims to be crowned. These experiences, astonishing as they seem, were real to her. Her visions were not feigned nor produced by trickery. Her Voices came to her when surrounded by others as well as when she was alone, she heard them on the scaffold where men preached at her, as well as when she was in her cell. Her visions were peculiar in that they never interfered with her alert consciousness of her surroundings.

Her conviction of her divine mission to drive the English from France may be due to the reaction of environment upon her

sensitive, spiritual nature. Two factors may account for the rise of this conviction. On the one hand was the disturbed, suffering condition of her country. She was brought up in constant danger of robbers and marauders. On the other hand, she must have been familiar with the prophecy of Merlin that a virgin should arise in the marches of Lorraine who would drive the English from France. These two factors reacting on the mind of a sensitive, contemplative child, might account for the rise of the conviction as to her selection for leadership.

Her influence upon the French soldiers may be explained by her purity, nobility, grace and winsomeness. Rough, coarse, and immoral, these soldiers were, but their superstitious belief in her powers would account for their reverence and respect for their warrior maiden. The French troops outnumbered the English troops at Orleans, and what was needed was someone who could improve the "morale" of the disheartened Frenchmen. It was courage and confidence they needed. These Joan inspired by her energy and conviction, and thus led intuitively to victory. What she lacked in military knowledge and training, she made up for by her keenness of perception.

There are some things, however, which we cannot account for. For instance, how did Joan know that she would have the King crowned within a year of her leaving home? How could she tell that she would endure "one year and little more," after she left her native village? How can we account for her foreknowledge of capture by the English? How did she know she would be wounded at Orleans? Other instances might be given, but these will suffice. With our present limited knowledge of psychic phenomena these things cannot be explained.

There are indications that Joan sometimes mistook her Voices. During her trial she hoped for deliverance by some miraculous means. She was asked if her Voices said anything as to this deliverance. She replied, "Generally the Voices say that I shall be delivered through great victory. Take all things peacefully; heed not thine affliction. Thence thou shalt come at last into the kingdom of Paradise." The prophecy was true enough, but she did not understand the monition.

"I confess," says Andrew Lang, "that in my opinion she misunderstood the words of the Voices. Her normal self was not always on the level of her mysterious admonitions.

Anatole France asked Dr. Georges Dumas, Professor in the Sorbonne, for his opinion on the psychical experiences of Joan of Arc. The eminent neuropathologist was unable to discover evidence for nervous disturbances, and admitted that "her normal will, and her normal intelligence, were thoroughly sane and straight. Her visions and Voices were, in modern phrase, 'automatisms,' expressions by which the monitions of her unconscious thought were made manifest to her."

That is as near as we can get to an explanation of Joan's

wonderful powers. The subconscious is not yet fully explored. It is interesting to think that we all have the power, to a greater or lesser extent, of stepping over the threshold into a vast unexplored region.

Andrew Lang, in his work on "The Maid of France," says: "I incline to think that in a sense not easily defined, Joan was 'inspired,' and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest genius, of the noblest character. . . . Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions; but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvellous and victorious tenacity of will."

—A. Willis Cann.

THE GRAD'S FAREWELL

"Fare thee well" was the wish expressed on Friday evening, April 15th, by the faculty and students of Wesley to each and every member of the '21 class.

The Grad's Farewell is the last formal affair of the term, and is fittingly in honour of a class which has played a very important part in the student life of the College.

The evening was very pleasantly spent. Prof. Skuli Johnson presided, and with a few well chosen words introduced each item of the programme. The valedictory was given by "Bert" Mills. With a few bold strokes he sketched the College career of the '21 class, showing how it had been bound up with the fortunes of the College during a very critical period.

The significance of the gathering was most directly expressed when the retiring Lady Stick and the Senior Stick, Myrtle Hazelwood and Gordon Churchill, handed their symbols of leadership to their successors in office, Marjorie Davis and Earl Dixon. Each of the participants in this event gave an appropriate address. Mr. Churchill in his witty manner recited the commandments which must be faithfully observed by the Senior Stick Elect.

Mr. Dixon was just as positive as have been Senior Sticks Elect of other years, that some great mistake had been made, but, nevertheless, managed to leave the distinct impression that such had not really been the case.

Prof. Johnson regretted that Wesley students had failed in several instances this year to receive final recognition, in the form of trophies, for their earnest athletic endeavours, and expressed pleasure in presenting the curling cup and individual pins, as well as individual tennis pins, to the ladies who had won them.

Prof. Argue gave a very earnest and inspiring address to the graduating class. He pictured the great work ahead of them, when in possession of their baccalaureate, they leave Wesley.

Prof. D. C. Harvey added a few words expressive of his interest in, and wishes for, the class.

The musical items of the programme came in justly for warm appreciation. Dorothy McRae, Helene Yustin, Ruth Hetherington, and little Miss Sibley Moore-Dries gave much pleasure by their contributions.

Refreshments, and the collection of autographs, brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

Latin is a language dead,
Dead as dead can be,
It killed the ancient Britons,
And now it's killing me.

All are dead who ever wrote it,
All are dead who ever spoke it,
All will die who ever learn it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

—Wesleyan Mirror.



MATRICULATION

Standing—M. Rogers; J. Massey; A. Herriot; J. W. Swanson; M. Van Vliet; A. Winters; O. Humphreys; M. Halstead.

Sitting—1st Row—J. Rosler; E. Piggott; C. Hunter; G. McDonald; M. Campbell; W. Bryce.
2nd Row—B. Gerrie; S. Swail.

VOX STAFF, 1920-1921.

We believe the past year to have been the most critical through which "Vox" has ever passed. The question was seriously debated whether it was possible to give our support to the "Manitoban" and at the same time produce "Vox." It was felt that the "Manitoban" ought to receive our support, but there was a great reluctance to silence the "Voice of Wesley."

It was finally decided to take a page of the "Manitoban," and limit the issues of "Vox" to three numbers. The results have justified that decision, for at no time has there been a lack of contributors. The support of both papers has drained the treasury this year, but it is hoped in future to return to the usual number of issues for "Vox."

With the co-operation of the printers, "Vox" appeared in December, February and May. The ease with which the material was collected, selected, and printed, and the magazine distributed, bore a striking testimony to the system of organization "Vox" has evolved during a score of years.

A measure of praise is due to the staff of "Vox" for the way "Vox" has been produced, and the uniform quality of the issues.

A new and very capable staff has been elected for "Vox" next year, and it is hoped that our own paper will have a very successful year.

"Vox" provides a splendid medium for the self-expression of the students, and no other paper can possibly take its place.

Wesley students will not fail in the larger duties of the University, but they must be true to themselves in the hearty support of "Vox."

VOX STAFF, 1921-1922

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WESLEYETTES' STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Standing—B. Ross; L. Telfer; C. Allingham; D. Doyle.

Sitting—Mrs. R. F. Argue; E. McLean; M. Hazelwood; E. Rutledge; A. Andrews.



SOCIAL AND LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Standing—E. Mills; W. Swanson; E. M. Ferguson; E. Sigurdjonsson; M. Campbell; G. Arnason; H. McDonald.

Centre—E. Hill; D. Cruikshanks; W. Andrews; M. Davis; Ed. Holland.

Front—Luelle Telfer, Dot Robinson.



'21 CLASS PROPHECY

The Great Seeress, languorous as a lotus-eater, drew aside her filmy veil. She inclined toward me; the air pulsed with faint, mysterious odors, athelum and nylotis; the dark glowing depths of her eyes held and thrilled me. "Wherefore comest thou; what dost thou seek?"

Feeling my own unworthiness, but strengthened by the greatness of my task, I made answer: "O Egypt, I have come from the distant parts of the earth, commissioned by the Great Ones of the class of '21. Me they have sent as their ambassador that they might learn from thine own lips, O Wonder Woman, what lies before them on the path of life. I have brought with me great gifts from these Wise Ones, yea, even from Bill Stewart and Gordon Churchill. Chewing gum have I brought thee from Bert Mills, and delicate talcum powder from Wilbur Andrews. Clara Allingham sendeth thee her silver lip-stick, which has been hers and her mother's mother's for many generations; and Mary Talbot presenteth thee with a casket of precious soap—even Royal Crown and Sunlight. Reveal to me now, O Glorious One, the secrets of the high gods upon whom thou attendest."

"Yea, I shall grant thy request, both for the sake of these Wise Ones and their gifts."

She drew toward her a round crystal globe. In trance-like silence she bent over it. Faint at first, but gathering in volume and beauty, came her voice: "The mist covers everything and blots the landscape from mine eyes; but slowly it disappears and I see dark-skinned slaves hurrying hither and thither, bearing salvers of silver and copper laden with tropical fruits of every variety. They hasten and present them before one who sits high on a dais. They bow before him, calling him Churchill Sahib. Benevolence sits on his countenance and justice rules in his heart. The lowly teacher from Canadian strand has become the guide, philosopher and friend of India's sorrowing millions. At his side his true helpmate and consort sits. Ah! but it is gone, it is gone—the vision is no more!"

Deep silence filled the room. Then again came that wonderful voice: "Lo, what a scene—flowers, sunlight and the prattle of children and a quaint gray-haired old lady telling tales

of the bygone days when she was Lady Stick of Wesley College to the little ones who circle round her chair begging "grand-mother" for just one more story.

"Behold now I see vast throngs pressing their way to the Capitol. Why this unusual activity? There the Honourable William Stewart is presenting a bill for the solution of all labour difficulties: 'The One Hour Day.'

"Ah! What is this I see within the crystal sphere? A mesmerist? No. It is Professor Coade demonstrating to an eager throng in Honolulu the marvels of his new science, Lunar Calculus, and its application to modern heart problems.

"Lo, also! I see another illustrious person poring over scrolls of mirth-producing prose. Around him are piled dictionaries, encyclopedias, and joke books, and into these he delves industriously from time to time. It is none other than George Robins, our friend of bygone days.

"These forms pass—through the mist appears the glitter of a great city at night. High above all others sparkles the electric sign, 'Clara Allingham in "Velvet Moments".' And across the stage of a great theatre trails a woman in sables and pearls worth a king's ransom.

"In a cosy little room of a cosy little flat, Eva Ferguson is reading press notices of her new romance, 'Gipsy Trails,' to her friends, Dr. Arnason, the famous eye-specialist, Mary Talbot-Jones, the great social-betterment leader, and Wilbur Burr-Andrews, the member of the local legislature for Ward 2."

Again the scene changed and the Seeress sighed, "How can I tell thee what is revealed to me? Yea, but I must; I may not shirk my task. Before me is a wide stretch of green sward. With stern countenances the antagonists face each other. The seconds hold the watches, waiting for the crucial moment. The signal is given, the fatal shots are fired and Bert Mills sinks to the ground, struck on the forehead with a new potato. The victor walks off in triumph, while the populace shout, 'McCartney! McCartney!' He turns with a well-pleased expression on his face. At last he has decided the question, 'Is Bert a better catcher than pitcher?'

"Twilight closes in upon the fashionable congregation of St. Anthony's Parish Church. A solemn hush falls upon the people. The great Doctor of Divinity, Bishop Clark, pronounces the benediction in long sonorous sentences. *'Hic hoc, hujus hujus amo amas amat.'* All is fading. Ah, I see no more, no more."

On the same evening I take my departure, bearing with me the revelations of Bacchus, Venus and Mars. Ah! I wonder what will these Wise Ones think. Will they say of me, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Truly, indeed, thou hast done well?"



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—B. Davis; G. Johnson; J. Rosler; Vic. Murray; O. Bingham.

Sitting—G. S. Donaldson; S. K. Johnston; E. Sigurdjonsson; P. Burrows; G. M. Churchill.



FOURTH YEAR EXECUTIVE

Back Row—I. G. Arnason; M. C. Allingham; J. N. Clark; M. M. Hazelwood; E. N. Coade.

Front Row—G. M. Churchill; E. M. Ferguson; Prof. O. T. Anderson (Hon. Pres.); M. M. Talbot;
R. C. McCartney (Pres.).

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- (2) A. E. Weaver

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Miss Wilma Service, Grade X

Scholarships in Scripture

- (1) Miss Alice P. Doyle
- (2) Edward Ryan

THE NEW REGIME

Marjorie L. Davis—Lady Stick Elect

To be quite honest, we do not often loiter around the halls to pick up information, but on this occasion we put on our mantle of invisibility and stood in the corner next the library and listened.

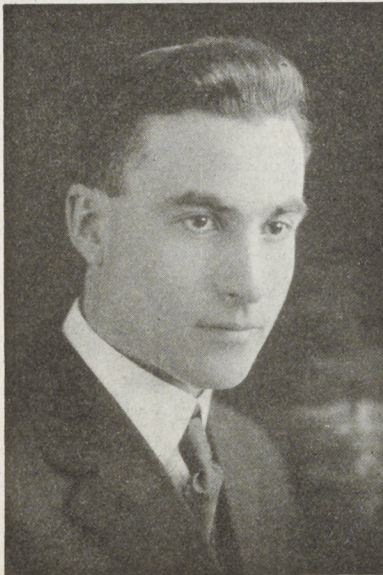
You see everyone was talking of the new Lady Stick. We bent our ghostly form closer to hear what the red-headed Sophomore was saying to the little Freshie: "My dear, she's a ripping good sport. Just wait till next year. There'll be a wonderful spirit here with Marjorie at the head of things." And they passed on into the library.

Then along come two dignified Seniors. "I feel," one said, "that with Marjorie at the head we may safely leave the honour of Wesley in her hands."

We nodded to ourself and slipped off our cloak. Just then a Junior came along the hall and we asked her what she thought. "Don't ask the Juniors to discuss Marjorie," she said. "To us she is the most loveable girl in the world."—V.C.



Earl Dixon—Senior Stick Elect



Each new Senior Stick is hailed as the herald of a new era, as the chosen one who is to usher in a year of peace and plenty.

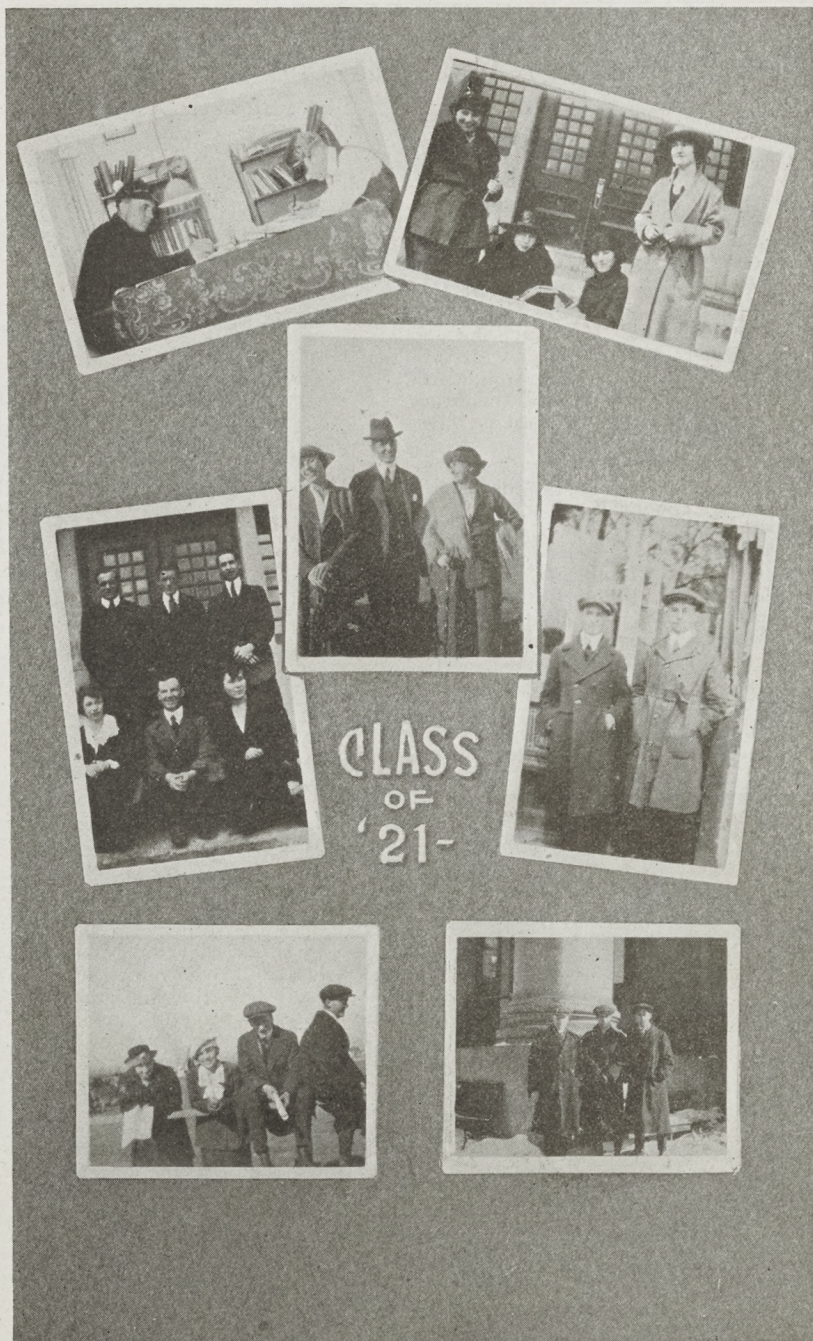
Earl Dixon, a native of Ontario, as most good Westerners are, is the one selected by Fate (otherwise the Seniors) to institute the change, to lead the Wesleyites from the wilderness (this is no reflection on the past leaders) into the promised land.

The necessary qualifications for a leader of Wesley College student life are innumerable. Chief among them rank judgment, common-sense, and a romantic propensity.

Mr. Dixon bids fair to measure up to the ideal, and all the oracles and signs of the times proclaim that he will be successful.

May his star of good fortune never be dimmed, and may his romantic propensity never be eclipsed.

We wish him the best possible, and can promise him the hearty co-operation of the student body in his endeavor for peace and progress.—G.C.



CHARLES ASHMAN
CLASS OF 1921

J. N. CLARK
CLASS OF 1921

HAZEL WOOD
CLASS OF 1921

G. M. CHURCHILL
CLASS OF 1921

A. ELLIS
CLASS OF 1921

H. TALBOT
CLASS OF 1921

W. M. STEWART
CLASS OF 1921

R. C. MCCARTNEY
CLASS OF 1921

M. FERGUSON
CLASS OF 1921

E. N. CORDE
CLASS OF 1921

W. ANDREWS
CLASS OF 1921

L. S. ANNASON
CLASS OF 1921

ARTS GRADUATES 1921

WESLEY COLLEGE

Reid Studio

Roy Clifford McCartney

Yes, "Mac" is Irish, just as you expected, or at least Irish-Canadian, for he was born at Emerson, in southern Manitoba. It is unfortunate that Mac is Irish, for to this we can trace most of his failings, that is, his tendency to always smile, and his weakness for fair Co-eds.

Emerson has the honour of being the place where Mac first started on the thorny path to knowledge. Later, he came to Winnipeg, where he attended Central Collegiate. In the Fall of '17 he entered Wesley with the now famous '21 class.

In all College activities Mac has always taken an important part. The '21 class recognized his ability, and for three years he was its president. In his third and fourth years Mac took Science, which prevented him spending as much time as he would otherwise have spent around the College.

Mac's chosen career is Medicine. In this profession he has chosen wisely, for there he will have ample opportunity to win the friendship of the Undergrads by his "Irish" geniality.

A. L. M., '21.

Albert Livingstone Mills

You may not know him by that cognomen, so we will call him just plain "Bert."

Bert is a real product of the West with its golden sunsets, some of the radiance of which he has absorbed. He hails from Swan River, where he received his preliminary education, and showed considerable scholastic ability. It required a larger sphere, however, to develop Bert's capabilities. From his earliest appearance at Wesley he gave evidence of his latent powers. A reputation was early won as a demolisher of edible substances, of which he usually managed to procure an ample supply, though frequently regarded with suspicion concerning the source.

Space does not permit such an account of Bert's activities as they justify. His debating ability was discovered in his Freshman year and he has since maintained a good record as a speaker, representing Wesley in inter-collegiate debates and being chosen as valedictorian for his class.

Athletics have also been included in his sphere of activities. In football and curling he has always worthily worn the red and blue and as President of the Athletic Executive has ably guided the destinies of all branches of sport.

Though Bert has thus given his attention to a wide range of activities, he has steadily kept in view the ultimate aim and end of a University career. We predict a great future for him.

P.V.I., '19.

Myrtle May Hazelwood

*"Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Myrtle's eye."*

Myrtle was born in Glenboro in this province. There she spent her pigtail days, and attended public school. For her high school training she came to Winnipeg to the Central Collegiate. A desire for still further development then led her to the halls of Wesley, where she has had a successful and happy career.

She has taken a lively interest in all phases of College life, and has been especially active in hockey and burlesque dramatics. That she has the true College spirit, which makes among other things for general popularity, is evinced by the fact that in her final year she has held the honoured position of Lady Stick.

Myrtle is a girl of pure gold value, who does not display her finest qualities on the surface. But those who know her best admire her most. She combines the gift of marvellous sympathy, with a broad-mindedness which is always ready to see the other person's point of view and always ready to make allowance for the other person's faults. Never happier than when doing things for others, she has indeed that self-forgetfulness which is the prime requisite of a true servant of humanity. Certain it is that the world will be better for Myrtle's having lived.

E. M. F.

Eva Matilda Ferguson

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was—well, it would not be proper to mention it just now, and you will be able to guess in a minute anyway. She lived in the large city of Dauphin, where she went to school, played Indian, climbed trees and swiped cookies. With such a programme no one could help but be happy, and so she was; as you could easily tell by her saucy dimples, her sparkling gray-green eyes, and her somewhat heavenly-inclined nose.

You would never have guessed by looking at her that she had any inclination for school-teaching, but strange as it may seem, such was the case. So, when she had reached years of discretion, we see her in the little old log schoolhouse, teaching little Johnny with the unpronounceable last name that he must not say "huh!"; that there are such words as "please" and "thank you"; that it greatly facilitates progress in life to use them once in a while; and that it is conducive to neither ease of digestion nor a favourable impression upon his beloved teacher, to bolt his food as if he must swallow it all in one mouthful.

Yet engrossed as she was with the subject of little Johnny, she was one day seized with an inspiration—an overmastering desire to go to College—not that she loved Johnny less, but that she loved her Arts degree more. Happily, constantly and suc-

cessfully she has worked for it and now we see her ready to teach another little Johnny, or indeed, perhaps a big one. We are truly sorry to lose her, but we must not be selfish, for if we were, what would become of Johnny?

E. L. J.

William Murray Stewart

"I strike quickly, being moved."

"Bill's" early years were spent on the prairies of southern Manitoba. Consequently he partakes of that inheritance in a quietness of nature, a breadth of vision, and a dependability of character.

His readiness for fun has often been discovered by unsuspecting Juniors in electrifying shocks of cold water. But he detests any suggestion of meanness.

His many qualities are not on the surface, and so he ripens on a better acquaintance.

He had the benefit of an extra-mural course in flying, receiving a commission in the R.A.F. The war, however, he says, ended too soon.

He has taken an active part in all the social life of the College, and in the gentler arts he is an adept.

Football, skating and tobogganing have been his chief forms of recreation.

Because of steady purpose, and by his quiet, painstaking, unassuming labours, "Bill" will go far.

A. W. C.

Errol Noble Coade

A typical product of the West, Errol has made a place for himself in the heart of Wesley. Although he is notorious for mathematical propensities, he shows none of the usual abstraction of the devotees of that science. A delicate sense of humour has saved him. He impresses one at once as a keen, practical man of affairs.

Genial, kindly, unpretentious, he has taken a part in all the social life of the College. To have heard him in dramatics, sonorously and ecclesiastically, urge "the importance of being earnest," is to be led to think that he has missed his vocation.

Among his greatest privileges he counts a trip to England at government expense, during the Great War.

His chief recreations have been skating, football and music. He is also an excellent cartoonist, and has a decided gift for journalism.

What he is, and what he will be, make us happy to say, "You're my friend."

A. W. C.

Gordon Minto Churchill

Anyone would be at a loss to account for "Gordie" until it is discovered that he voiced his first feelings in the usual way in a Methodist parsonage. That one fact goes far in explaining the many qualities of heart and brain which he has manifested during his College career.

His education was subject to the great interruption of the war, but from that maelstrom he returned to Wesley with ripper judgment and wider vision.

In his first year he carried off two scholarships, but his devotion to College activities has prevented such honours in the following years.

That he has been appreciated by the student body is shown in that he was selected to represent his class at the Student Volunteer convention in Des Moines last year, and by his election to the office of Senior Stick. In this office he has shown great executive ability, and has worthily upheld the traditions of the College.

He has been a veritable whirlwind in athletics, especially in football and basketball.

In College dramatics he has also displayed his versatility, for he has twice occupied major roles in the cast.

Whatever he chooses to do we are sure will be well done.

Clara Margaret Allingham

*"For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine."*

To limit one to two hundred words in describing a friend is carrying economy too far. We feel inclined to exclaim "Oh! for a thousand tongues to tell——" In that event we could make a splendid impression as far as volume goes.

Clara! the best of pals through sunshine and rain, a quick, sympathetic nature, an ability to see the other fellow's viewpoint, an Irish temper, and the greatest of all gifts—a sense of humour.

But lest this sound like an inventory of virtues, let us inform you that even inanimate objects reflect the tempestuous moods of this young lady. "Bang!" goes the door. "What's Clara peeved about?" inquires a Soph. "Oh, she's been at an athletic meeting," responds the all-seeing and almost knowing Junior.

"Rattlety, biff, bing, bang" reverberates the much burdened study table. A triumphant shout of "Oh boy!" comes hurtling through our key-hole. "I thought so," muses the Junior, "one of Clara's friends has arrived in town."

The versatile Clara will leave a gap in our ranks that will be difficult to fill. Athletics, dramatics, and a flair for public speaking that is the envy of many a mere man! The Residence is

going to miss her hearty co-operation in every prank, and above all her dramatic talent in yarning.

But to us who have really known her well remains the pure gold of her friendship. She has a sane and workable philosophy of life that will make her an asset in any society.

We wish her every success, and utter from the depth of our heart, "Good luck old pal o' mine!"

M. D.

Wilbur Edgar Andrews

"Andy" has not lost any interest in College life through lack of variety, having in his time been a member of no less than four different classes. Starting in his first year with the '19 class, he joined—after "doing his bit" with the R.A.F.—the '22 class. Took his second year in the Khaki Summer School, and finally completed his course with the graduating '21 class.

As a result of these changes, "Andy" has found his College career considerably broken up—no sooner having become a part of one class than he found himself a "new" member in another.

In spite of all this he has succeeded in "doing his bit" for his class and College. Although seriously handicapped this year through ill-health, he has yet taken a prominent part in all College activities—particularly as President of Social and Literary and as Student-Treasurer—truly no light task for one whose primary (?) object in life must always be the quest of knowledge. On top of all this, "Andy" has found time to be a real pal.

His keen business mind and ability to carry on under all or any kind of circumstances assure his future success.

Ingolfur Gilbert Arnason

Winnipegosis may be an insignificant place in itself, but it was permanently and positively placed on Manitoba's map on May 7th, 1901. On that date "Arnie" was born. It is true he moved to the city when only four and consequently received all his public and high school "education" here; yet when "Arnie" tells some of his humorous "yarns" or "springs" a new pet expression on his classmates, they are always reminded of the fresh lake and its famous fish.

"Arnie" entered Wesley in 1917 and decided to take a Science course. Consequently he has been "considerably" taken up with his studies. He has, nevertheless, found time to take part in various College activities and executive work, specializing in dramatics and "eats" committees and in Social and Literary programmes, especially the latter.

"Arnie" hopes to honour the medical profession with his practice. The best wishes of his classmates and friends will follow him (and his patients). We feel assured that his cheerful optimism will carry him far on the "Road to Success."

John Neville Clark

We have had the good fortune to know "Nobby" at many times, and in many of his moods.

Ten years ago we first met him in a band of young "Pilgrim Fathers" en route to find and to make a new world. There, in mid-Atlantic, we found him to be one of those rare souls who never missed a meal, and still rarer souls whose "Yip-i-addy-i-a" chased away gloom from an ocean voyage, despite a whole cargo of preachers.

After some years, during which many accounts of his varied and successful activities as a prairie preacher came to us, the fortunes of war eventually found us in the same "billet" overseas. Here it was that Sergt. Clark's entertaining ability came to the fore. Those who experienced the life of the camp and the billet will best appreciate the service rendered by such men as "Nobby."

For the past two years he has been a well-known and much sought figure around our College halls. Despite his work as Religious Work Secretary at the "Y," and the responsibilities of a wife, he has contributed generously to many of our activities. His dramatic and debating ability has been greatly appreciated, the latter having been rewarded by his being chosen to represent the College and the University in some of its struggles.

As a genial companion, a sympathetic friend, a capable leader, and a man of "many parts," our Alma Mater expects much from "The Village Pump."

T. P.

Mary Marjorie Talbot

*"With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."*

Without "Murrie" the '21 class would have been incomplete indeed. She came to us from the parsonage in the Fall of '17 and has proved her loyalty to the twenty-oners throughout the trials of examination and influenza. She was Vice-President of her class in both her Senior and Junior years.

In her Senior year she has ably filled the position of head girl at Sparling Hall; as President of the S.C.M. her ceaseless and conscientious efforts have brought about unprecedented results and under her leadership the organization has become something vital in College life. Her unwavering faith in the things that matter are sure indications of success in her future career. Mary has proved herself a true and genuine friend and it is with sincere regret that we bid her a fond farewell as she leaves her Alma Mater to enter a larger sphere of usefulness.

J. McB., Ex. '22.

Charles W. Batten

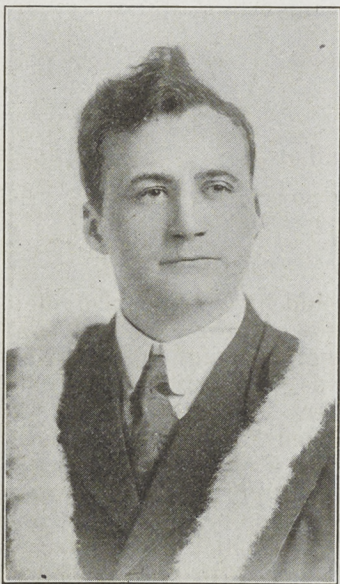
We have always been in doubt about that "W." Since we saw his name as winner of the Governor-General's bronze medal, and the Saskatchewan Conference scholarship, Charlie is the Who-Who in Western learning.

Why? His own claim is that he has no brains. As a substitute he has a schedule which reads: 9 a.m.—4 p.m.; 5.30 p.m.—10 p.m.; 10 p.m.—2 a.m. The intervals are for his goings out, his comings in, and his lyings down; and he patents it with an unfamiliar term, known to Matriculation as Friction; to Arts as Pacifism; to Theology as Superaturalism; but to him—Work.

What? He is not ejaculatory in piety, but there is no question as to the depth of his Christian life. He has a keen sense of the ludicrous; his laughter is contagious; he enjoys life's funny side as all good people do. His eyes—particularly his left—flash like drawn swords when occasion demands. The glance of his wrath is terrible. His language is prophetically denunciatory at times. Dr. Fleming and the boys have copies of what he said when a live coal touched his lips.

This world's no blot for him nor blank; it means intensely and it means good. To find its meaning is his meat and drink.

A. R. C.

Herald Abbot Rivers, B.A.

Herald first gave evidence of a jovial disposition in Sombra, Ont., July 14th, 1892. His early academic training was completed at Sarnia. In 1910 he came west as a teacher but two years later became a probationer. The Fall of 1913 found him with the '17 Arts class, but unfortunately his course was broken by a long service overseas. After the armistice he attended for a while the Canadian Khaki Theological College, Ripon, returning in time to join the '20 class in its final year. This year Herald graduates in Theology.

As President of the Wesley Y.M.C.A., Editor of the Wesley section of the Year Book, and a member of many executives, he has taken a great part in the College activities.

Herald intends entering upon the work of making "Canadians" out of our foreign population. His many personal and academic qualifications assure us of his success.

Charles Leslie Taylor, B.A.

Leslie was not born twins. Had he been and both had come to Wesley in 1913———!

"Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink."

In form tall, from his shoulders upward he is higher than any of the people; slender—in spots; erect as a pine—hair black as a raven's wing; whiskers the same shade and texture; wears glasses for study, but drove a white horse the darkest of nights while on circuit in Saskatchewan.

B.A. in English and Philosophy in '17; B.D. in '21; post grad. '22.

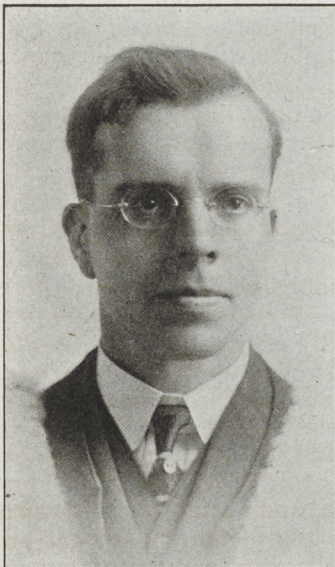
His basketball reach and mitral murmur, no doubt, will score him many a goal in the game of life.

Et non fallare putando.

A. R. C.



James Watts, B.A.



James quite characteristically defies classification. Try as we will to fit him into the approved pigeon holes for University and Theological graduates, he refuses to stay "put." 'Tis true his debating honours are well known, as is also his editorship of "Vox." To enumerate other activities would be easy enough but these things would tell us but little of Watts. To know him at all, you must know him well. Those who are favoured, tell us that beneath his coat of mail there is indeed a heart. Be that as it may, there are many of us who have always liked this self-confident, independent, and determined individual.

These steady, purposeful, qualities will enable him to achieve much.—T. P.



TEAS

"Well!" said the Senior, "what do you want now?" She pushed back her eye-shade and loosened her grasp on "Modern Europe," by Alison Phillips.

"Fair one," I stuttered, "I beg of thee a boon." This brought forth a cryptic "Shoot," and I ambled bravely on. "I was sent here as the star reporter on our spicy little paper "Vox." Here I was interrupted. "No, I haven't time to write an article on 'Hot Biscuits for Bolsheviks,' and I haven't a picture of myself. Good-bye dear. So glad you came!"

But with the reported tenacity of reporters, I held on. "Can't you see, woman, that I am trying to interview you?"

"A light," she chortled, "a light at last! I'm not just exactly a female Sherlock Holmes, y'know. Well, infant, what can I do for you? Make it snappy because I've a date with good ole Alison Phillips." We were away.

"You see, 'Vox' hears that you Seniors have had heaps of teas this Spring, and we were wondering just how you enjoyed them—and—and—all that sort of thing."

"Teas!—the abomination and delight of the race—well, where would you like me to start? I'm full of the subject yet, if not of the substance."

"Oh! anywhere," I suggested amiably. "What about those vocational teas?"

"Horrors!" the Senior groaned, "I'll never forget them. The first one was on Social Service, and I came home full of enthusiasm and cake. My life would be as naught if I did not spend it washing dirty faces and reconciling bust-up families. The next one was on Medicine and Journalism, and while the medical lady was speaking I was soothing fevered brows for the rest of my natural. And then the journalist spoke, and I was obsessed with a passion for writing. I came home feeling like a plaid skirt."

"And the eats?"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" she sighed, gazing off into the distance as if far removed from this mundane sphere. "But they were nothing on the eats the Faculty women gave us. All the profs. were there slinging cakes and the **grandest** ice cream, and mind you, that was all the tea was for—just eats."

She was again silent, and although I hated to intrude rudely on her spiritual wanderings, I ventured: "Didn't Mrs. Martin have a little affair for the history students?"

"Ah, yes," she breathed, "four different kinds of cake and macaroons. And she has the sweetest little girl! Then we were entertained by the Faculty and the Board. I'll say the board was good! My face got a sort of an ache in it, I had to show my teeth so often. And I got a corn on my hand from numerous shakings."

I reminded my Senior gently of the entertainment which the Third Year girls provided. She enthused, "Now **that's** what I call a regular tuck-in—everything from grape fruit to pink ice cream. Fine girls in that Third Year class!"

"And then we were entertained at dinner one night and played hide-and-seek through the ornaments. I might add that this was the largest affair in the history of Sparling Hall. Not only salad, but fruit was present."

"What about the Grad's Farewell?"

Our salubrious Senior waxed enthusiastic once more.

"Say, infant, that was the best Grad's Farewell they ever had. They held it at Sparling Hall, and believe me it was **some tea**. The class prophecies were killing. Laugh? I thought I should die! Mary Talbot as a toe-dancer, and Myrtle as a milliner!"

Accidentally her hand came down on "Modern Europe"—"Heavens!" she exploded, "I have to write on this stuff next Wednesday. If you really must go, dear———."

I steamed slowly out.

Dot Y—"Did you go to that Economics lecture this afternoon?"

Pat—"Yep."

Dot—"What was he talking about?"

Pat—"He didn't say."

We congratulate Myrtle Hazelwood on her work as Lady Stick of '20-'21, and wish Marjorie Davis, the Lady Stick Elect, the best of luck in '21-'22.

Vera Creighton is with us once more and has brightened up the "saddest of the year" (exam. time) with her inimitable smile.



“Who and what is the S.C.M.?”

The question was often left unanswered last Fall, but now the answer comes spontaneously—“Why, we all are.” Truly we all are. We have had no membership roll and we have signed no pledge, but the responsibility has fallen on all alike to get behind the Movement and make it go.

Our idea has not been to make it a separate organization, but a life permeating all activities—“a spirit which doth run through all and doth all unite.” Our aim has not been display, ostentation or red-letter advertising, but a general raising of the tone of our College—to make it Christian in its highest and broadest sense. This Movement is merely a fellowship of students based on the conviction that in Jesus Christ are found the supreme revelation of God and the means to the full realization of life. It seeks through study, prayer, service and other means to understand and follow Jesus Christ and to unite in its fellowship all students in the Colleges of Canada who share the conviction, together with all students who are willing to test the truth of the conviction upon which the Movement is founded.

Original as we are, we cannot claim the credit of thinking this thing up for ourselves. It has for some time been an accepted fact in almost all European and Asiatic countries, especially Russia, Poland, Austria, Switzerland, Great Britain, India, China and Japan and in Jamaica; but we boast that we have blazed the trail on our own continent. U.S.A. is watching us and they see that something is assuredly happening in our student life. It certainly has had a good beginning and we feel has justified its existence in “ole Wesley.”

More students are laying emphasis on Bible study classes, in the conviction that small intimate groups can best provide that fellowship which is the basis of their association, and that devotional hours add to one's deeper life. It has been our experience, as it has been of other Colleges, that this does not take from

other branches; a thorough athlete is a better athlete through his associations in the S.C.M., and a dramatic spirit the keener. We ask no student to drop other lines but to graft this into them. We recommend nothing to new students, but, in the words of our aim, we ask them to test the truth of the conviction upon which the Movement is founded. We know it has been vastly worthwhile this term; then let us all jump in for '21-'22 and make it a record year. To prepare for this, and incidentally to have an excellent outing, let us meet at Carlyle Lake at our Summer Conference, July 2-10. Ask those who were there last Summer if it isn't great.

O. A. W.

STATEMENT OF S.C.M. FINANCES (MEN'S SECTION).

Receipts

By Cash.....	\$113.50
Polish Students' Relief.....	58.35
From Caution Money (estimated).....	80.75
Total.....	\$252.60

Expenditure

Printing.....	\$ 4.00
Guelph Delegate.....	50.00
Deficit from last year.....	65.00
Polish Relief.....	58.35
S.C.M.....	50.00
Balance (estimated).....	25.25
Total.....	\$252.60



S.C.M. EXECUTIVE

LADIES' LIT.

Girls! Girls! Girls! brought to an end that feeling of wonderment as to what Ladies' Lit. would be like.

Fair maidens of sunny Japan, maids of Turkish delight, demure Southerners with their "mammy" chaperone, and even Hulu girls, summoned by the "Spirit of Mirth and Fun," enticed us with melodious strains to their respective climes.

The male vamp—so much with us—then brought us down to earth with a recital of his loves and disappointed loves, and was followed by "As others see us"—a glimpse of Sparling Hall—during which some members of the audience actually felt uncomfortable, we have heard.

Finally, girls full of "pep" and sporting spirit, sang the merits of hockey, basketball and tennis, and we were convinced that the Co-ed girl knew something about them.

Eats were also a part of the programme, followed by the class yells.

We heard even a Sophomore remark: "Why go to the Orpheum this week?"



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

'22 CLASS

This year, it has been most difficult for us to maintain our usual group unity, as we have been taking different courses. But since absence makes the heart grow fonder, we have enjoyed our "get-togethers" even more than we otherwise would have done. Such conditions always excuse unusual displays of affection.

Though few in number, we are by no means weak in intellect. This is shown by the activities of our members who do study. You will find us in every branch of the College activities, from the higher dramatics to the lower eats committees.

We take pride in being boosters and not leaners.

In athletics we also do our part. As a mere pastime we scored a victory in hockey over our lofty Seniors.

A few worthy members of our class have taken this year's work extra-murally. With their added support, we anticipate a banner Senior year.

'21 CLASS PERMANENT ADDRESSES

C. M. Allingham.....	Broadview, Sask.
C. M. Ferguson.....	Dauphin, Man.
M. M. Talbot.....	773 Ashburn St., Winnipeg, Man.
M. Hazelwood.....	Sturgeon Creek, Man.
W. E. Andrews.....	824 Preston Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
I. G. Arnason.....	909 Alverstone St., Winnipeg, Man.
J. N. Clark....	Vaughan St. Y.M.C.A., Winnipeg, Man.
E. N. Coade.....	c/o Wesley College
G. M. Churchill.....	705 Lorne Ave., Brandon, Man.
A. L. Mills.....	Swan River, Man.
R. C. McCartncy....	120 Eugenie St., Winnipeg, Man.
G. E. Robins.....	Dryden, Ont.
W. M. Stewart.....	c/o J. G. Stewart, Brandon, Man.



With this issue the editor's duties cease. It has been a responsibility which has brought its own reward. The work involved has been amply compensated by the experience that comes to even the most modest of editors.

Surely no one but an editor can know of the large amount of poetic inspiration simply howling for expression. Only an editor knows how wobbly the King's English may become as it staggers from the pen of some budding author. And he alone knows the joy of scathing deletions, which gives him a glorious sense of superiority.

But the editor of "Vox" is subject to torture in a peculiar manner. He dare not call his thoughts his own. He may be strolling down Portage, lost in ecstatic contemplation of some vision that calls up memories of "La Vie Parisienne," and there breaks upon his ears in raucous tones: "When will 'Vox' be out?" The question is hurled at the poor editor from a distance of a hundred yards or more, and he becomes the confused cynosure of all eyes; even the street cars wait breathlessly for the answer.

Seriously, however, the editor wishes to thank all those who have expressed their appreciation of "Vox" this year.

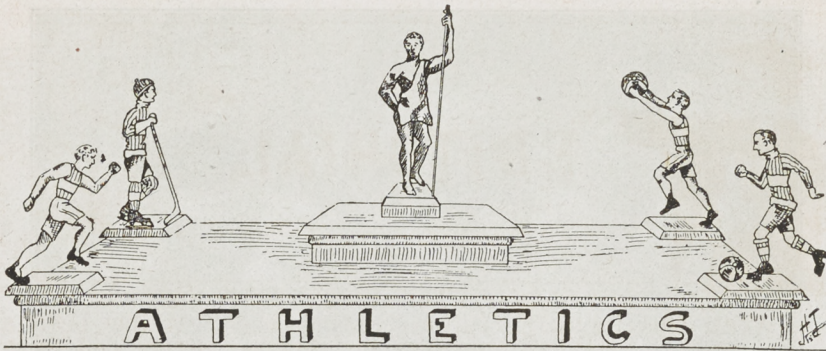
Our thanks are due also to "Vox" staff, through whose efforts alone it has been possible to carry on.

To the Douglass-McIntyre Co. we wish to express our keen appreciation of their careful work, and their prompt attention.

We trust that the Voice of Wesley will become clearer, fuller, mellower, as the years go by, and that next year will be a very successful one for the new "Vox" staff.



CO-EDS.



Athletics during this past year have taken a decided slump so far as Wesley is concerned. The blame for this cannot very well be credited to any one in particular. It has been the fault of the College as a whole that we have gone down. A winning team cannot be produced unless backed wholeheartedly by the entire College. It is here then that we have failed.

There are several spots in the past athletic year, however, that are somewhat brightened. The first of these is tennis. Although last fall no team entries were made, yet in the University play-offs Wesley took an honourable place. The Ladies' Singles championship fell to Miss Mona McLaughlin, while the Ladies' Doubles was captured by Misses Davis and Telfer. These ladies deserve great credit for the fine brand of tennis they put up.

The ladies also won for the College another championship, this time in curling. A knockout series was played, with two rinks entered from each College. Miss Mooney's rink, consisting of Misses Peters, Andrews, and Currie, managed to overcome all opposition and thus let the Ladies' Curling Cup rest with us for another year.

These two are all that we have won this year. In every other branch we have been unsuccessful—we lacked the punch that is got only from hearty support and co-operation. As I said before, it was here that we failed. To win out next year this obstacle must be overcome and then all will be easy.

Next year there will be considerable old material left in the College as a basis for our teams. This material is needed to mould the soul of a team. The new material which will come in next year, worked in with the old, should make strong teams in every branch. In all our prospects are exceedingly bright.

There is one thing, though, that all athletes must remember, that is the necessity for keeping in shape all Summer, so that they can come in next Fall ready to fall at once into advanced training for track and workouts for football. It is of the utmost importance that all should be in first-class shape, for there is not time before Field Day or the commencement of the football season; so our final message to you is **Keep Fit.** A I M

A.L.M.



FOOTBALL

1st Row—E. Hill; R. Lawson; D. Richardson.
 2nd Row—G. M. Churchill; H. Dennison; B. Mills; R. Hutchison; W. Miller.
 3rd Row—K. Turner; V. Murray.



TRACK TEAM

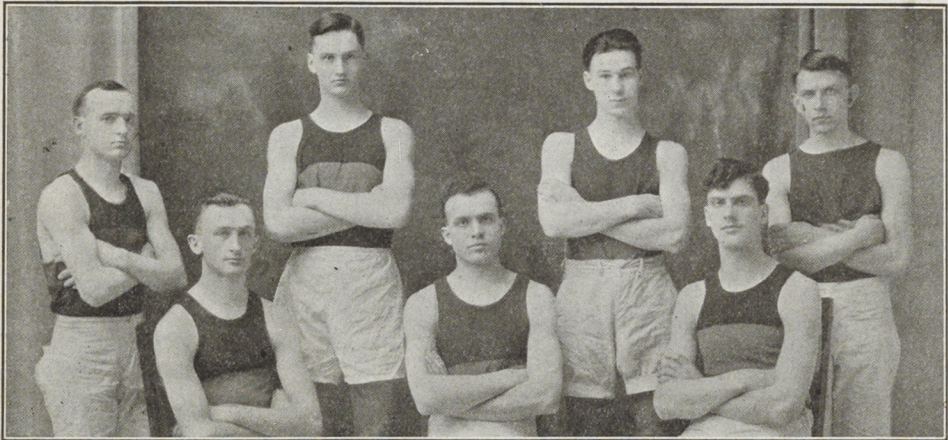
Standing—M. Perrin; E. J. Thorlakson; V. Murray, W. McBean.
 Sitting—C. Halstead; W. Kristjanson; W. Stewart; C. N. Bedford; W. Andrews.
 Inset—A. Murray.



LADIES' HOCKEY

Standing—D. Robinson; Dot Strong; C. Allingham; T. Jardine; G. Waters.

Sitting—L. M. Telfer (Capt.); G. Churchill (Mgr.); M. Hazelwood; E. Sigurdjonsson (Coach); P. Adamson.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—S. Underhill; H. Clement; L. Mott; A. J. Childerhose.

Sitting—P. Buhr; G. M. Churchill; C. L. Taylor.

School Howlers

Another collection of schoolboy "howlers" is printed by "The University Correspondent," which offered a prize for the best series of twelve amusing mistakes. The following were classified under the heading of History, Geography, Grammar and Literature:—

William ordered his archers to shoot at the thickest part of the English, so they shot upwards so that the arrows might fall on the Englishmen's heads.

Sir Walter Scott wrote *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Emulsion*.

Lord Macaulay suffered from gout, and wrote all his poems in iambic feet.

Many ships use Calcutta as a coaling station—hence the term "Black Hole of Calcutta."

Charles II told the people they could get drunk or gamble or do what they liked. This was called the Restoration.

The cold at the North Pole is so great that the towns there are not inhabited.

Magna Charta said that the king was not to order taxis without the consent of Parliament.

The Pope called Henry VIII "Fido the Offensive."

Simon de Montfort was a true Englishman because he fought against the king and put him in prison.

The Pilgrim Fathers were the men who went to worship at Becket's shrine in Canterbury.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general who always commenced a battle with the fixed determination to win or lose.

The Fire of London did a great deal of good. It purified the city from the dregs of the Plague, and burnt down eighty-nine churches.

—The Gateway.

Tessie—"By the way, old dear, I passed through your town one day last Summer."

Edith Mc—"What didja think of it?"

Tessie—"Couldn't see it really. There was a box car on the siding."

Gordie—"What do you think of this Wesley Board?"

Bert—"Never eat at Sparling Hall any more than I can help."

What Shall I Do?

Dear Mrs. Page,—

Have been going out with a sweet young thing lately. In fact I've been out with him three times this week. He has many good points, including a car and lots of kale, but he has a moustache! Oh! Mrs. Page, it worries me so! I lie awake nights thinking about it! How can I approach him in a sweet sisterly way and beg him to amputate it?

In the toils,

Anti-Moustache Marie.

Dear Marie,—Bite him in the upper lip.

Dear Mrs. Page,—

Can you suggest any way in which I can get stamps at a reduced rate, as I have occasion to write a great many letters? The recipient is a sweet little girl, but I'm afraid she may think I'm extravagant, and a girl considers these things before marriage. Mrs. Page, this is a matter of great importance, and I wish you would give it your deepest consideration.

Thoughtfully,

S. Stick.

Write the Postmaster-General. I'm not the government as well as an encyclopaedia.

Dear Mrs. Page,—

I wrote a long letter to you in the last issue of your uplifting paper on the subject of the immortal tooth-pick, but I received no answer. I am a timid woman and I am afraid of great, rough men, but it worries me that they will endanger the life of a good false set by plying a tooth-pick. Oh! what shall I do?

Yours in the work,

Tabitha.

An apt little sign ought to do the trick—"No tooth-picking aloud."



FRESHMEN TRACK

Mockery

Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed,
Poking through the bramble-trees her round gold head.
 I didn't stop for stocking,
 I didn't stop for shoe,
But went running out to meet her—oh, the night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my toes;
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern and rose!
 Oh, night was running with me,
 Time folks were all in bed—
And the moon was just showing her wild gold head!

But before I reached the hill-top where the bramble-trees are tall,
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't there at all!
 Nor sitting on the hill-top,
 Nor slipping through the air,
Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold hair!

I walked slowly down the pastures and slowly up the hill,
Wondering and wondering, and very, very still.
 I didn't look behind me
 I went at once to bed—
And poking through the window was her bold gold head!

—The Brandon College Quill.



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